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A. THOMSON.  
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# MEIGS COUNTY TELEGRAPH

A Weekly Journal—Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Commerce, Markets and General Intelligence

BY A. THOMSON. POMEROY, TUESDAY, JUNE 27, 1854. VOL. 6—NO. 24

ONE COUNTRY—ONE CONSTITUTION—ONE DESTINY.

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Advertisements for sale, at the rate of \$1.00 per square (10 lines or less) for three weeks, \$1.50 for six weeks, \$2.00 for nine weeks, \$2.50 for twelve weeks, \$3.00 for fifteen weeks, \$3.50 for eighteen weeks, \$4.00 for twenty-one weeks, \$4.50 for twenty-four weeks, \$5.00 for twenty-seven weeks, \$5.50 for thirty weeks, \$6.00 for thirty-three weeks, \$6.50 for thirty-six weeks, \$7.00 for thirty-nine weeks, \$7.50 for forty-two weeks, \$8.00 for forty-five weeks, \$8.50 for forty-eight weeks, \$9.00 for fifty-one weeks, \$9.50 for fifty-four weeks, \$10.00 for fifty-seven weeks, \$10.50 for sixty weeks, \$11.00 for sixty-three weeks, \$11.50 for sixty-six weeks, \$12.00 for sixty-nine weeks, \$12.50 for seventy-two weeks, \$13.00 for seventy-five weeks, \$13.50 for seventy-eight weeks, \$14.00 for eighty-one weeks, \$14.50 for eighty-four weeks, \$15.00 for eighty-seven weeks, \$15.50 for ninety weeks, \$16.00 for ninety-three weeks, \$16.50 for ninety-six weeks, \$17.00 for ninety-nine weeks, \$17.50 for one hundred weeks.

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**LAW VS. SAW.**  
Sitting in his office as a lawyer—  
Standing in the street as a sawyer—  
On the lawyer's anxious face  
You could read a knotty case,  
Needling Law,  
While the sawyer, grumb and grim;  
On a rough and knotty limb  
Ran his saw.  
Now the saw-horse seemed to me  
Like a double X in fee  
And the saw,  
Whichever way 'twas thrust,  
Must be followed by the dust,  
Like the law.  
And the log upon the track,  
Like the log on the rack,  
Pays its part;  
As the tempered teeth of steel  
Made a wound that would not heal,  
Through the heart.  
And each severed stick that fell  
In its falling seemed to tell  
All too plain,  
Of the many severed ties  
That in law-suits will arise,  
Bringing pain.  
Then methought the sturdy paw,  
That was using axe and saw  
On the wood,  
Had a yielding mine of wealth  
With his honest toil and health,  
Doing good.  
If the chips that strewed the ground,  
By some stricken widow found  
In her need,  
Should, by light and warmth, impart  
Blessing to her aged heart,  
Happy deed!  
This conclusion then I draw,  
That no exercise of law,  
Twisting India Rubber law,  
Is as good,  
As the exercise of paw,  
Sawing wood.

Washington Cor. of the Western Recorder.  
WASHINGTON, D. C., May 28, 1854.—In  
my last letter, there was just time and space  
to announce the passage of the Nebraska  
Bill through the House. It has since been  
returned to the Senate for concurrence  
and ere this time doubtless has received the  
President's signature, and therefore now the  
law of the land is—that the Missouri Com-  
promise shall be repealed, that two new ter-  
ritories shall be organized, over which the  
President shall appoint Governors, Judges,  
and a host of other officers, whose rule must  
be according to his will, the violation of  
which, renders them liable to the penalty of  
removal; making the powers that be all-  
pervading, in shaping the new organizations  
and institutions of two great territories—that  
Surveyors General shall be appointed, and  
land offices opened, and public lands, now  
occupied by birds and beasts by the Children  
of the Forest, in all the unrestrained free-  
dom of primeval simplicity, is soon to be  
sold, alike to the slaveholder, and to the in-  
dustrious European emigrant who by honest  
toil makes his own fortune; voluntary and  
involuntary labor will be allowed to exist  
side by side, the one obtained by the lash  
of the whip, the other by the hope of reward—  
the one toiling under the influence of fear,  
of pains and penalties, with no hope of ever  
casting aside the yoke which he sees or handles  
his own, while the other labors in the hope  
that a golden harvest will crown his toil with  
an ample remuneration. But the question now  
is, will such dissimilar interests long exist  
side by side? When these territories shall  
have grown into States, will these States be  
free, or will they be slave States? The  
race will commence with every thing that  
can be asked at the hands of the Govern-  
ment, to favor the schemes of slavery propa-  
gandists. What then are our grounds for hope  
in behalf of freedom? Alas for freedom!  
Thy prospects look dark on the vast do-  
main of Kansas and Nebraska! The National  
Intelligencer, now passing through its  
forty-second volume, the moderation of  
whose gentlemanly editors, who have grown  
grey in the service of that paper, in refer-  
ence to the passage of the Nebraska Bill, says:  
"The final blow was inflicted on the vener-  
able Missouri Compromise, on Thursday  
night last, a little after midnight. This an-  
cient pact, had fulfilled, it is true, in all its  
substantial ends, its mission of peace. But we  
have been glad for the good it had done, had  
been permitted to live until old age had  
closed its blameless life. Feeling thus, how  
could we without grief and repugnance, see it  
hurried out of the world with the hand of  
violence? Gratitude for the service it had  
done the State, and respect for the memory  
of the patriotic and virtuous men who gave  
it being, to say nothing of the sanctions of  
honor by which it was surrounded, had in-  
spired us with a veneration for this old Com-  
promise, the earliest and most important  
act of the Constitution. We witnessed its  
birth with joy, and remember the univer-  
sal content it spread through the land; but  
we little thought we should live to witness  
its death, still less to see it strangled in the  
place of birth. And for what? Can any man  
tell? Do not those many of them at least—  
who have given their voices for its repeal  
deny that it is demanded by any res-  
pectful or practical object? Were its repeal  
justified by any high consideration of State  
or of public good, or had it been demanded  
by any single section, public meeting, as-  
sociation, county, town, or hamlet in the  
whole country, the sacrifice might be at least  
extenuated. On the contrary, it is admitted  
to have been alike unnecessary and unworthy  
for nothing that it gained by it; nothing,  
at least, that should weigh as the dust of the  
balance. But how much, alas, is lost! Who  
can penetrate the future to tell the distant  
consequences of this week's work in Con-  
gress? We speak now to those who love  
the union of the States; To the men of  
passion, to sectional patriots, to those who  
are ever 'calculating the value of the  
Union,' who reason by imputations, and  
whose highest flight of argument reaches  
only the level of impeachment of motives—  
to such we should deem it was to ot time and  
courtesy to address a word on this occasion.  
But to the gentlemen of the South, who  
think that there is something to respect  
and esteem behind Mason and Dixon's line;  
who have some veneration for the glories of  
Lexington and Saratoga as well as those of  
King's Mountain and Eutaw; who look at  
the stars and stripes with affection and think  
there is something in this Union to be proud  
of and to stand by—to such, we say, a mon-  
strous mistake has been committed; not a  
fatal, we hope and trust, but a fearful one.  
Alas! had you, when this deceitful boom  
was tendered you, only said: 'No; the Com-  
promise may have been unwise, but the Con-  
stitution may have been unconnected by the  
South, but it was the only mode of accom-  
modating a most threatening difficulty; it  
was adopted by the joint councils of the  
North and South; it was a compact of mutual  
consent; it was agreed to by men as wise,  
as firm and patriotic as ourselves; it has stood  
long; it has performed its baneful office, and  
although it might have been unjust to us, we  
will not dishonor those who framed and

ing such a summons, I retired in address to  
my couch amid the roar of cannon, and fell  
asleep.  
L. D. J.

**Louis Napoleon and the Sultan De-  
scended from American Ance-  
stors.**  
The past history of the families of Louis  
Napoleon and the Sultan of Turkey is full  
of interesting and marvelous incidents; some  
of which are, probably not generally known  
to our readers.  
There two monarchs, now so cordially  
united in the struggle to maintain the in-  
tegrity of the Ottoman empire, are both grand-  
sons of American ladies. These ladies were  
born and raised in the same neighborhood,  
on the island of Martinique, one of the West  
Indies. They were of French origin, and  
companions and intimate friends in child-  
hood and youth. They were Josephine de  
Tascher and a Miss S—  
The history of Josephine is generally  
known. She went to France and married  
M. Beauharnais, by whom she had one son,  
Eugene, and a daughter, Hortense. Joseph-  
ine died after the death of Beauharnais. Her  
daughter, Hortense, was married to Napoleon  
Bonaparte, the King of Holland, and the present Em-  
peror of France is her son by that mar-  
riage.  
Mrs. S. quitted the island of Martinique  
some time before her friend. But the vessel  
that was carrying her to France was attacked  
and taken by the Algerine Corsairs, and the  
crew and passengers made prisoners. But  
this Corsair ship was in turn herself attacked  
and pillaged by Tunis pirates, and Miss S.  
was carried by them to Constantinople, and  
offered for sale as a slave. Her extraordinary  
beauty and accomplishments found her a  
purchaser in the Sultan himself, and she  
soon became chief lady of Seraglio and Sul-  
taness of Turkey. Mahommed II. was her  
son, and the present Sultan, Abdul Medjid,  
is the son of Mahommed.  
Thus the two sovereigns who now occu-  
py so great a space in the world's eye are  
grandsons of two Creoles, who were play-  
mates in their youth and were so remarkable  
for their beauty and excellent dispositions,  
as they were for their varied and singular  
fortunes.  
Both of these women in the heights of  
their power remembered all the friends of  
their youth, and provided munificently for  
their welfare. Many of the relatives of this  
Sultaness left the island of Martinique, and  
settled at Constantinople, where their de-  
scendants still reside, and enjoy the favor of  
the Sultan.  
The Sultaness died in 1833, the empress  
Josephine in 1814, and their grand sons  
now rule over two wide and powerful em-  
pires, and are entering, as allies and friends,  
upon one of the most momentous and un-  
equivocal struggles in which Europe was ever  
involved.—Richmond Post.

From the National Intelligencer.  
**Death and Burial of the Missouri  
Compromise.**  
The final blow was inflicted on the vener-  
able Missouri Compromise on Thursday  
night last, and this ancient Pacificator of the  
Country, this Healer of Discord, this Friend  
of the Union, was dispatched in the Senate  
House a little after midnight by a majority  
of almost three to one. This ancient pact  
had fulfilled, it is true, in all its substantial  
ends, its mission of peace. But we should  
have been glad for the good it had done, had  
been permitted to live until old age had  
closed its blameless life. Feeling thus, how  
could we without grief and repugnance see  
it hurried out of the world by the hand of  
violence? Gratitude for the service it had  
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although it might have been unjust to us, we  
will not dishonor those who framed and

From the Athens Messenger.  
**Hocking Valley Railroad.**  
To the President of the Columbus and  
Hocking Valley Railroad Company:  
Sir—At your request I have been through  
the entire line of the Columbus and Hock-  
ing Valley Railroad, and will endeavor to  
embody my sentiments and the prospects of  
the road in as short a manner as possible,  
and hope this course will prove satisfactory  
to you and the stockholders. A statement  
has been requested by many along the line  
as to the object and intention of the Valley  
Road.  
The first design was simply to commence  
at Columbus, and pass through the Hocking  
Valley and connect at or near Athens with  
the Marietta and Cincinnati Road. Since  
then the road has been considered the great  
highway from Baltimore to Chicago, and  
also the great leading road from Baltimore  
to Central Ohio. The Company has been  
organized and some \$240,000 in local sub-  
scriptions have been made, and an engage-  
ment made with the celebrated Engineer,  
Lambert, to survey, plot and estimate the  
cost of the line. The Engineers have been  
operating for some time between Lancaster  
and the Ohio River. The line has been  
unanimously agreed upon between Lancas-  
ter and Nelsonville. No stock as yet has  
been taken west of Lancaster or east of Nel-  
sonville—therefore we seek an outlet from  
that point to the Ohio, through the best chan-  
nel for the interest of the Road.  
We call upon the Board of Directors of  
the Marietta and Cincinnati Company for a  
proposition to run a branch road from  
Athens to Nelsonville—also upon the citi-  
zens of Ames, Chaucy, Millfield, and the  
interests east of Nelsonville, to see what sub-  
scriptions, right of way &c., can be ob-  
tained to secure a connection at Big Run  
with the M. & C. Road—also the city of  
Baltimore and the Baltimore and Ohio Road,  
to ascertain what they will do to meet us at  
Nelsonville, via Parkersburg.  
There will be a meeting called at Nel-  
sonville when the Engineers reach that point  
to receive all propositions for a continuation  
of the road eastward.  
I am constrained to ask some questions,  
Mr. President for the interest of all. Mr.  
Laubrie is represented along the line as  
being hostile to any route except such as  
will suit the entire interests of Baltimore,  
and that too independent of all other Rail-  
roads. This is the understanding of men of  
influence. I cannot believe that Mr. La-  
ubrie, the King of Engineers, who has scaled  
the mountains of the east with his iron  
horse, and who has guided the iron monster  
through the gentle glades of the mountain  
side to the beautiful plains of the mighty  
west, could be governed by such notions, or  
that he could have known the spirit of the  
Athenians some fifteen years ago when it  
was difficult to raise funds and energy  
enough to bridge the Hocking or to build a  
saw-mill. Where now is the energy of her  
citizens that laid dormant so many years!—  
Her citizens have become aroused from their  
slumbers, and through their indefatigable  
efforts the Marietta and Cincinnati Road,  
one of the greatest works of the day owes its  
existence.  
Now, fellow citizens, if let our road will  
be any advantage to Athens or Ames, and  
we can all reach the Baltimore Road,  
through the Independence Virginia Road,  
some miles nearer than by way of Parkers-  
burg.  
Papers along the line will please copy.  
Yours &c., J. F. S.  
Nelsonville, June 9, 1854.

From the National Intelligencer.  
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as firm and patriotic as ourselves; it has stood  
long; it has performed its baneful office, and  
although it might have been unjust to us, we  
will not dishonor those who framed and

It was a summer's evening,  
Old Gasper's work was done,  
And he before his cottage door  
Was sitting in the sun;  
And by him stood his little grandchild,  
His little grandchild, Wilhelmine.  
She saw her brother Peterkin  
Roll something large and round,  
That he beside the walet  
In playing there had found;  
She came to know what he had found,  
That was so light, and large, and round.  
Old Gasper took it from the boy,  
Who stood expectant by,  
And then the old man shook his head,  
And with a natral sigh,  
"Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,  
"Who fell in the great victory."  
"I find them in the garden, for  
There's many a hereabout;  
And often when I go to plow,  
The plowman throws them out;  
For many a thousand men," said he,  
"Were slain in the great victory."  
"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"  
Young Peterkin he cries;  
And little Wilhelmine looks up,  
With wonder-waiting eyes;  
"Now tell us all about the war,  
And what they killed each other for?"  
"It was the English," Gasper cried,  
"That put the French to flight;  
But what they killed each other for  
I could not well make out;  
But everybody said," quoth he,  
"It was a famous victory!"  
"They say it was a shocking sight  
After the field was won;  
For many thousand bodies here  
Lay rotting in the sun.  
But things like these you know must be  
After a famous victory."  
"Great praise the Duke of Marlboro' won,  
And our good Prince Eugene—"  
"Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!"  
Said little Wilhelmine,  
"Nay, nay, my little girl," quoth he,  
"It was a famous victory."  
"And everybody praised the Duke  
Who such a fight did win."  
"But what good came of it at last?"  
Quoth little Peterkin.  
"Why, that I cannot tell," quoth he;  
"But 'twas a famous victory!"

**The Bliss of Marriage.**  
Time whiles us along the downhill path  
Of life with the velocity of a locomotive,  
We have one comfort—we can make love on  
the road. What the negro preacher said of  
Satan, may be said of love: "Where he finds  
a weaker place, dare he creep in." There  
is a warm corner even in the coldest heart,  
and somebody, if that somebody can only be  
found, was made expressly to fill it. Thou-  
sands of both sexes live and die unmarried,  
simply for want of a proper introduction to  
one another. What an absurdity! There is  
not a woman nor a man of any age who  
might not find a suitable partner by using  
the proper means. The fact is, that affec-  
tion is smothered, choked down, subdued  
and paralyzed by the forms and conventionalities  
of this etiquette world. Society attaches  
a hell and chain to the natural feelings of  
the heart. The fair girl with her bosom  
burning over with the purest love for a  
worthy object, must take as much pains to  
conceal the fact, as if it were a deadly sin,  
and Heaven had not commanded us to 'love  
one another.' Is this natural? No, it is  
artificial.  
Why should innumerable marriages be  
prevented by chilling rules and penalties?  
Nature is modest, but she is not a starved  
prude! Look at the birds. There are no old  
bachelors and old maids among them.  
The hearse that flutters under their feathered  
jackets follow the instincts of love and they  
take to billing and cooing without the slight-  
est idea that courtship should be a formal  
affair. Why should there be forlorn old  
bachelors and disappointed old maids, and  
single widows and widowers, among the un-  
feathered many more than feathered bipeds?  
Oceans of happiness are lost to both sexes  
every year, because parties who wish to be  
married are not permitted by 'etiquette' to  
make the fact known. These unfortunate  
might very properly say to the happy mar-  
ried folks, as the frogs said to the boys who  
were pelting them with stones, "This may be  
fun to you, but 'his death to us."—Mer-  
Ledge.

**REMEDY FOR THE BITE OF A MAD DOG.**  
As the cry of mad dogs has been raised,  
the following, which we clip from an exchange,  
may be worth a perusal.  
Take immediately warm vinegar, or ter-  
rac water, wash the wound therewith, and  
then dry it, then pour upon the wound a few  
drops of muriatic acid, because mineral acids  
destroy the saliva, by which method the evil  
effects of the latter are neutralized.

hour! Subsequently it drew a train of coal  
and passenger cars, the whole train weigh-  
ing 131 tons, a distance of 18 miles, in 35  
minutes, being at the rate of nearly 85 miles  
per hour! Afterward the engine, with only  
the tender and twenty passenger cars, ran a  
mile on the road at the rate of 15 miles per  
hour. All these exploits were witnessed by  
an immense crowd, who were amazed at  
them, his lordship, the Earl of Bradford,  
graciously "expressed himself much pleased  
with the extraordinary powers of the en-  
gine." It should be remembered that to  
only 25 years, or within the age of many  
of our readers, that these watched slow per-  
formances, which would not be tolerated by  
the present railroad now in existence, were  
regarded as almost miraculous in Eng-  
land.  
These curious facts will enable us to calcu-  
late the progress we have made, in this  
direction, in a quarter of a century.

Mr. Twombly had drank but six glasses of  
brandy and water, when he, being a man of  
discretion, returned home at the seasonable  
of 1 A. M. and went soberly to bed. Mrs.  
Thomas Twombly was too well accus-  
tomed to the comings and goings of the said  
Thomas, to be much disturbed by the trifling  
noise he made on retiring; but when she  
discovered he had his boots on, she re-  
quested him to remove them or keep his feet out  
of bed. "My dear," said Mr. Twombly,  
in an apologetic tone, "kiss me! How I  
came to forget my boots, I can't conceive,  
for I'm just as sober as I ever was in my  
life." Mr. Twombly sat on the side of the  
bed, and made an effort to pull off his right  
boot. The attempt was successful, though  
it brought him to the floor. On regaining  
his feet, Mr. Twombly thought he saw the  
door open. As he was astonished, and dark  
as he felt certain, Mr. Twombly staggered  
towards the door to close it; when to his  
still greater surprise, he saw a figure ap-  
proaching from beyond. Twombly stop-  
ped; the figure stopped. Twombly ad-  
vanced again, the figure did the same. Twom-  
bly raised his right hand—the figure raised  
its left. "Who's there?" roared Twombly,  
beginning to be frightened. The figure  
made no reply—Twombly raised his right  
boot in a menacing attitude—the figure de-  
fied him by shaking a similar object. Cried  
Twombly: "I'll find out who you be—  
you sneek!" He hurled the boot full at the  
head of the mysterious object when—crash! went  
the big looking-glass which Twombly had  
mistaken for the door.  
C. & H. V. RAILROAD.—The corps of  
Engineers passed through this place last  
week, on a preliminary survey of the line of  
a railroad from Lancaster to the Ohio river,  
thence to connect with a road running to Bal-  
timore. They are under the supervision of  
Mr. Linton, who has the reputation of being  
a first class engineer. They report the route  
an exceedingly favorable one, with light  
grades and easy curves.  
This route is one of immense importance  
to our citizens, as making connections which  
will be of incalculable value to our valley.  
The immense mineral resources of our val-  
ley which it will assist in developing, will  
doubtless make it one of the best paying  
roads in the State. The junction of this and  
the S. & H. V. R. R. at this place will have  
the effect to greatly increase and improve  
the town. Manufacturers will be springing  
up in every direction, and our resources will  
be brought to light, when our valley will  
take its proper place as the wealthiest valley  
in the State. We hope our citizens will  
give all their aid in hastening the comple-  
tion of this road, as we confidently expect  
to see it put under contract in a very short  
time.—Hocking Sentinel.

**THE WAY IT IS TO BE DONE!**—A young  
man formerly in our employ, in whose re-  
tirement we have all confidence, informs us  
that while at St. Louis a few days since, he  
saw a number of gangs of slaves en route  
for Nebraska, under charge of their owners.  
This is the way in which Nebraska and  
Kansas are to be made slave territories.—  
Their contiguity to the slave States of  
Missouri and Arkansas makes it a very easy  
matter for slaveholders to go with their  
slaves, while their remoteness from the  
principal point of emigration in the north  
offers obstacles to their speedy settlement by  
northern freemen. The appointment of  
slaveholding officers for the territories will  
be immediately followed by the election of a  
slaveholding council, in each, and slavery will  
be established and regulated by territorial  
law. "Squatter sovereignty" is so fully  
defined and recognized that the laws of the  
territories cannot be submitted to Congress  
for revision, and as the last act in the Ne-  
braska tragedy, slavery is established in  
Nebraska and Kansas territories beyond the  
hope of eradication.—Washington Whig.

**STORING APPLES IN DRY SAWDUST.**—I  
have a dark closet in my house, or rather  
I live in a row with windows back and front.  
The house is four stories high, and the  
length from front to back is so great, that  
we have three rooms on a floor, the centre  
one dark. On the third story, the floors  
are plaster, and I find the temperature so  
even that I used it for a wine store in pre-  
ference to the cellar, and have it fitted with  
bins. In this room I put some hampers of  
apples (like pearsain). I wanted one of  
the hampers, and turned the apples on one  
of the bins, amongst the dry sawdust (pine  
sawdust). A fortnight ago we looked at  
them, having used up the others gathered at  
the same time, and from the same tree, all  
of which were much wrinkled; but on tak-  
ing those off and from amongst the saw-  
dust, I found them in a most beautiful  
condition; those covered with sawdust were  
plump and fresh as when gathered, while  
those partially buried were only so to the ex-  
tent covered with sawdust, the upper portions  
were wrinkled. I am so pleased with the  
discovery that I shall pack them in bins  
next year, for I have no doubt they will  
keep all Christmas.—Correspondent Ayer  
Advertiser.

Concise is proud that he has learned so  
much. Wisdom is humble that he knows  
no more.

**CONVICTION FOR MURDER.**—During the  
session of the Common Pleas Court of Vin-  
son county last week Aaron Zech, indicted  
some months since for killing a young man  
named MacLaughlin, and a hearing, and after  
a protracted examination of the case, was  
found guilty of murder in the first degree.  
Much excitement prevailed throughout the  
examination. A motion was made by the  
defendant's counsel for a new trial. The  
motion was laid over until the next session  
of the Court.—Athens News.

**IMPORTANT IT TRUE.**—A Paris correspond-  
ent of the Times mentions the following dis-  
covery:  
A very remarkable discovery was an-  
nounced to the Academy of Sciences by M.  
Dumas, in his last sitting. He stated that  
M. Saint Clair Deville had succeeded in ob-  
taining from clay a metal as white and bril-  
liant as silver, as malleable as gold, and as  
light as glass. It is soluble in a moderate  
temperature. Air and damp do not affect  
this metal, which is called aluminium. It re-  
sists its brilliancy, and is not affected by  
nitric or sulphuric acid, either strong or di-  
luted, if the temperature be not raised. It is  
only dissolved by very hot chlorhydric acid.  
Several specimens of this metal were pre-  
sented to the academy, and on the proposi-  
tion of Baron Thenard, it was voted unani-  
mously that a sufficient amount should be placed  
at the disposal of M. Saint Clair Deville, to  
enable him to make experiments on a large  
scale.

**IMPORTANT QUESTIONS.**—The following  
query, which we copy from the Boston  
Herald, is illustrative of the excitement cre-  
ated there by the passage of the late dog law  
in that city:  
We hope some of our Savans who think  
themselves equal to the emergency, may  
give the subject the consideration its impor-  
tance would seem to warrant, that when  
comes the tug of war here, and the ques-  
tion thereof propounded may become ad-  
apted to this meridian, public curiosity may  
be allayed without risking the lives of hu-  
man beings.  
Mr. Edgier of the Boston Herald:—  
That what is the law asks you whether  
strutting with the polecat gives to dogs  
wont pizen human blood after the assen-  
gals has been fired. Please to put this in  
the paper how it is, for if fride suchline  
is pizen I go agin passengers.  
Yours till 'pizened.  
A ALLEY BOY.

**REVOLUTIONARY TROPHIES.**—The stand-  
ards taken at the surrender of Yorktown,  
were presented by the Congress of the Rev-  
olution to General Washington, commander  
in-chief of the combined armies of America  
and France. These trophies memorial of  
the heroic age and the Father of his  
Country were lately brought over from Ar-  
lington House by the venerable Mr. Custis,  
the sole surviving executor of Washington,  
and last surviving member of his domestic  
family, and presented to the President, and  
through him to the Government and People  
of the United States.

**SINGULAR STOCK.**—Robert Scott, Esq., of  
Woodford county, in Kentucky, who owns  
one of the splendid farms of that region, has  
a large pond of water upon his domain, by  
which he has half domesticated a flock of  
wild geese. He first procured eleven and  
cropped their wings, which reclaimed for a  
season. They migrated northward in the  
spring, and returned in the fall with their  
full fledged young. The flock now num-  
bers two hundred and eighty, and it increases  
annually.

**EXCELLENT RULES.**—To remember that  
we are subject to failings and infirmities, of  
one kind or other.  
To bear with, and not magnify each other's  
infirmities.  
To avoid going from house to house for  
the purpose of hearing news and interfer-  
ing with each other's business.  
Always turn a deaf ear to any slanderous  
report, and lay no charge against any per-  
son until we have evidence.  
If one be in fault, tell him in private be-  
fore it is mentioned to others.  
To watch against any shadow of each  
other, and put the best construction on  
any action that has the appearance of oppo-  
sition or resentment.  
To observe the just rule of Solomon—that  
is to leave contention before it is meddled  
with.

**OHIO AND MISSISSIPPI RAILROAD.**—On  
Tuesday, the 13th inst., the President and  
several of the Directors of the Ohio and  
Mississippi Railroad, with a number of in-  
vited guests, performed the interesting task  
of "spiking" the last rail required to make  
a connection with the Jeffersonville road.  
In a day or two eighty-seven miles of this  
road will be open to the public, when the  
passage from Cincinnati to Louisville may  
be made in a few hours. We can then  
breakfast here, dine at Louisville, and re-  
turn in time for tea.—Cin. Atlas.

**MUSK.**—The Empress Josephine was very  
fond of perfumes and above all, of Musk.  
Her dressing-room at Malmaison was filled  
with it, in spite of Napoleon's remonstrances.  
Forty years have elapsed since her death,  
and the present owner of Malmaison has had  
the walls of that dressing-room repeatedly  
washed and painted; but neither the scrub-  
bing, aquafortis, nor paint, has been able to  
remove the smell of the good Empress's musk,  
which continues as strong as if the bottle  
which contained it had been yesterday re-  
moved.

**CALIFORNIA WHEAT CROP.**—It is ap-  
prehended in California that the wheat crop  
of the State this year, will be too large for  
the mills to be able to grind it all. Bread-  
stuffs, the papers say, will henceforward be  
cheap, and the money now sent to Chili &  
the east to buy flour will be retained in the  
country; thus, while the price of provisions  
will be low, money will be plentiful. If  
further say that flour will soon be exported  
from California.

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